



# Hieroglyphics: the NSU University School Literary Magazine

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85

Helena

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# “85”

## Helena (a pseudonym)

On Sunday afternoons on my island  
 I like to dim the lights and think about you  
 About that night, when I saw you, when I felt the  
 world go away  
 The night I felt that I need someone to hold me  
 When I saw that I looked young and beautiful in  
 your eyes  
 The moment I walked up and saw that what was  
 hard felt simple to me  
 The moment I felt I was in midair  
 And I could steal you  
 Wishing for our little world  
 Away in the giant sky

But then are you what I am  
 If I know what I am is not what you want  
 Pulled away by the pretty women  
 Looking into your eyes to see what you know  
 That you are complete and your own  
 Waiting for the girls

If you only knew, you could shine beautifully  
 Mapping out a sky  
 To have a moment  
 One passing moment  
 To kiss me  
 To crowd you with me

It's almost as if I'm losing my mind  
 Knowing we do not belong together

I have to move on.

Content dictates form.  
 Less is more.  
 God is in the details.

This Page: Detail from *You've Got to Work with What You've Got*, by Alexa Redlich

Opposite Page: *Broken, Yet Found*, Rebeca Farache